*Prithee no more; thou dost talk nothing to me."

Just before the coff e was brought in, each one Just before the coff e was brought in, each one present received what purported to be a telegram from Boston, dated April 1, 1883. The message was:

The dinner bell, the dinner bell, Is ringing loud and clear; Through still and pain, tarough street and lane It cchoes far and near.

I hear the voice! I go! I go! Prepare your meat and wine; They little heed their future need Who pay not when they dine.

On the back of the dispatch was a double picture with the words " Barker, late Delmonico," between the two parts. The cut at the left represented Dr. Fordyce Backer, lustrily ringing "dinner-bell" and holding a knife and fork in his left hand. At the right Dr. Holmes was seen running in answer to the bell, with a bundle of bones under one arm and books under the other. Far behind him Ben Butler, in policeman's costume, was brandishing a locust club, and in the dim distance the Massachusetts State House appeared crowned with the legend, "Tewksbury Investigation."

HOW THE DINNER ORIGINATED. The dinner to Dr. Holmes grew out of a suggestion made by Dr. Barker about a month ago to a dinner party in the University Club. It was thought to be particularly appropriate in view of Dr. Holmes's recent retirement from the chair of Auatomy at Cambridge. that the members of the regular profession in New-York should give expression to their appreciation of the honor which Dr. Holmes has conferred upon American physicians by his contributions to the ceneral and medical literature of the past half century. and Dr. Barker's plan was received with great favor. The dinner company party acted on the suggestion at once, and a general committee was organized to take the matter in hand. Of this committee Dr. Barker was made honorary chairman, Dr. T. Gailiard Thomas chairman, Dr. Paul F. Munde treasurer, and Dr. G. L. Peabody secretary. The other members were Drs. James H. Anderson, A. Brayton Ball, William f. Bull, Clement Cleveland, John G. Curtis, John Benjamin F. Dawson, Francis Delafield, William H. Draper, Frank P. Foster, Allan McLane Hamilton, Everett Herrick, Edward L. Keyes, Frank P. Kinnientt, George M. Lefferts. Alfred L. Loomis, Edward G. Loring, Charles McBurney, James W. McLane, Charles I. Pardee, Henry G. Piffard, William M. Polk, Beverley Robinson, D. B. St. John Roosa, Charles D. Scudder, A. A. Smith, A. H. Smith, Lewis A. Stimson, Fredrie R. Sturgis, Charles S. Ward, David Webster, Francis M. Wild, Robert F. Weir, George G. Wheelock and Leroy M. Yale. It is significant of the estimation in which Dr.

Holmes is held that the only embarrassment in the arrangement of the dunner was of a very different nature from what had been at first apprehended. It was doubted at the outset whether more than 100 physicians would be found who would be able to give up their time and money to the entertainment, but within two weeks after the first announcement was made public, the committee was embarrassed by the number of applications for tickets received. Letters came from Philadelphia, New-Haven and other cities, but many applications had to be defined because the limit of the capacity of Delmonico's large banquet hall had been reached.

THE LIST OF TOASTS. The programme of toasts was as follows:

"The hour's new come; every minute bids thee ope thine ear; ey and be attentive." —"The Tempest." Greeting by Dr. Fordyce Barker. "Sir, you are very welcome to our house;
This must appear in other ways than words;
Therefore I sount the breathing courtes,"
—" Merchant of Ventee."

I. OUR GUEST. "One would say, here is a man with such an abundance of hought. He is never dull, never insincere, and has the tenius to make the reader care for all that he cares for."

—Emerson.

Response by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

II. THE CLERGY. "He was a scholar and a ripe and good one, exceeding wise,
tair spoken and persuading."

King Henry VIII.

Response by Bishop T. M. Clark, of Rhode Island. III. THE BAR.

THE BAR.
"Why might that not be the skull
Of a lawyer! Where be his quiddets now?"
—"Hamlet." Response by the Hon. William M. Evarts. IV. THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

She honors herself in honoring a favorite son. Response by Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas.

"A kind of medicine in itself."
—" Measure for Measure." Response by George William Curtis.

VI. THE PRESS. But words are things, and a small drop of ink.

Falling like dew upon a thought, produces

That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

— Buron.

Response by Whitelaw Reid.

*Good night, good night! Parting issueb sweet sorrow.

That I shall say good night till it be morrow."

—"Romeo and Juliet"

GREETING BY DR. BARKER. It was about 10 o'clock when the smoke from the lighted cigars of the banqueters began to wreathe around the expectant faces of Mrs. John Jacob Astor and a few other ladies, who had been admitted to seats in the musicians' gallery. Dr. Barker rapped for silence. There was evidently an eagerness on all hands for the intellectual part of the feast to begin, and the action of the chairman were greeted with cheers that died quickly into silence. Dr. Barker then spoke as fol-

BROTHERS: I regret that I must rise now to commence this evening's feativities with an expression of regret and complaint. I regret that you are to be debrived of the excellent, instructive, eloquent and fascitating speech which I was intending to have made, on account of the malice of the Dining Committee and of Mr. Delmonice, who has prepared such a bountiful dinher for us. We have been kept to such a late hour that I feel that politeness requires that I should give up my time to the people who shall follow, and consequently I have no speech to make. My ione-tion will simply be to address the guest of the evening, and to introduce those speakers who are to follow and to supply you with the meatai repast, which I hope will equal the a aterial one which our Dinner Committee has so finely laid out, out of our mailee to me, and Mr. Delmonico has so beautifully and bountifully supplied. BROTHERS: I regret that I must rise n

honico has so beautifully and bountifully supplied. Applause.]

But i mast begin by addressing our guest. And now Dr. Heimes—It is no use! I give it up! I never could make a pretty speech to a man or to a woman, even when alone with either. I laughterl, and it would be the height of folly for me to attempt to make such a one in the presence of a gathering like this, when every one present knows exactly what I ought to say, and where every one knows the reason for this dinner (applause), and every one will remember this as the most happy reunion, and all young men present will feel it to be a situation here. Here for future work and future exertion, as showing low genius, talent, honesty will always be appreciated by the American google. [Applause.] Furthermore, I will be followed by one in the profession who will make in some respects as speech whom in the profession who will make in some respects as especia whom is have tailed to make; so as I have been set down for a greeting to Dr. Holmes, and have been set down for a greeting to Dr. Holmes, and have been set to be found in the medical books, will "mil the lap." [Applause.]

Dr. Barker then called upon Dr. A. H. Smith to complete the guests' greeting. Dr. Smith re-

you've heard of the deacon's one-hose shay
Which, Inished in Boston the self-same day
That the City of Lisbon went to pot,
Did a century's service, and then was not.
But the record's at fault which says that it bust
Into simply a heap of amorphone dust;
For after the wreck of that wonderful tub,
Out of the ruins they saved a hub;
And the hub has since stood for foston town,
Hub of the Universe—note that down.
But an orderly hub, as all will own,
Must have something central to turn upon,
And, rouber-cushnoned, and frue, and bright,
We have the axic here to-night.
Thries welcome, then, to our festal board
The doctor poet, so doubly stored
With science as well as with naive wit;
Poeta magather, you know, non fil. ponded in verse as follows: With science as well as with naive with posts maxitur, you know, non fit.
Skilled to dissect with knife or pen, His subjects itead or living men;
With thoughts sublime on every page To swell the veins with virtuous rage, Or with a syringe to higher them;
With sublimate to distarted them;
To show with demonstrator's art
The complex chambers of the heart,
Or armed with a diviner skill
To make it puisate at his will;

Or armed with a diviner skill
To make it puisate at his will;
With generous verse to ceicbrate
The towes and hance of some giver,
And then proceed to demonstrate
The lobes and fissures of the liver;
To soothe the puises of the brain
With poetry's enchanting strain,
Or to describe to class uproarious
Pas hippocampi accessorious; Or to describe to class uproarious Pes hippocampi accessorious; To nerve whin fervor of appeal The singular muscles into steel, Or, pulling their attachments, show Whence they arise and where they go; To are the eye by wit consummate, Or araw the aqueous hamor from it; In times of peril give the tone angle feeling called backbone,

Or to discus that question solemn.
The huncles of the solnal column.
And new I close my articles dirty.
As per agreement with committee,
And making place for those more able,
I leave the subject on the table.

Yet one word more. I've had my pride
As medicus most sorely tried.
When Englishmen who sometimes show
Of things American, you know,
An ignorance that is melancholy;
As Dr. Holmes is very jolly,
Assume that he must therefore bo
A Doctor of Divinity.
So to avoid all chance of wrong
To medicine, or church, or sang;
Let Doctor Holmes discarded be
For Oliver Wendell Holmes, M. D.

And now, for I really must come to an end, May the late of the chalse be the fate of our friend. May be never break down, and never wear out, But a century ols, or the eabout; Not feeling the weight of the years as they fly, Simply stop siving when ready to die.

A POEM IN RESPONSE BY DR. HOLMES. The poem was a complete surprise to nearly all present, and its medical aliusion caused a great deal of merriment. When Dr. Haimes rose to read a poem in reply to the greeting the banqueters rose with him and gave him three ringing cheers. He read his poem with a voice full of expressive modulations, and at intervals looked off his manuscript and threw in a timely gesture. He said not a word of preface, but began to read after bowing an acknowledgment of the enthusiastic ovation which

welcomed him. Have I deserved your kindness? Nay, my friends, While the fair banquet its tilusion lends Let me believe it, though the blood may rush And to my cheek recall the maiden blush That o'er it flamed with momentary blaze When first I heard the honeyed words of praise, Let me believe it while the roses wear Their bloom unwithering in the heated air; Too soon, too soon, their glowing leaves must fall, The laughing echoes leave the stient hall, Joy drop his garland, turn his empty cup, And weary labor take his burden up,-How weighs that burden they can tell alone Whose dial marks no moment as their own.

Am I your creditor ! Too well I know How Friendship pays the debt it does not owe, Shapes a poor semplance fondly to its mind, Adds all the virtues that it fails to find, Adorns with graces to its heart's content, Borrows from love what nature never lent, Till what with halo, jewels, gilding, paint, The veriest sinner deems himself a saint. Thus while you pay these honors as my duo, I owe my value's larger part to you, And in the tribute of the hour I see Not what I am, but what I ought to be.

Friends of the Muse, to you of right belong The first staid footsteps of my square-toed song; Full well I know the strong heroic line Has lost its fashiou since I made it mme; But there are tricks old singers will not learn, And this grave measure still must serve my turn So the old bird resumes the self-same note His first young summer wakened in his throat; The self-same tune the old cauary sings, And all unchanged the bobolink's earol rings; When the tired songsters of the day are still The thrush repeats his long-remembered trill; Age alters not the crow's persistent oaw, The Yankee's "Haow," the stammering Briton's

"Haw"; And so the hand that takes the lyre for you Plays the old tune on sirings that once were new. Nor let the rhymester of the hour deride The straight-backe I measure with its stately stride; It gave the mighty voice of Dryden scope; It sheathed the steel-bright epigrams of Pope; In Goldsmith's verse it learned a sweeter strain; Byron and Campbell wore its clanking chain; I smile to liston while the critic's scora Figures the proud purple kings have nobly worn; Bid each new rhymer try his dainty skill And mould his frozen phrases as he will; We thank the artist for his neat device; The shape is pleasing, though the stuff is ica. Fashions will change—the new costume allures, Unfading still the better type endures; While the slashed doublet of the cavaller Gave the old knight the pomp of charticleer, Our last-hatched dandy with his glass and stick Recalls the semblanes of a new-born chick; (To match the model he is aiming at He ought to wear an erg-shell for a hat);

Which of these objects would a painter choose,

And which Veiasquez or Van Dyke refuse ! When your kind summons reached my calm retreat, Who are the friends, I questioned, I shall meet! Some in young manhood shivering with desire To feel the gental warmth of fortune's fire,-Each with his bellows ready in his hand To puff the flame just waiting to be fanned; A crown ungarnished glistening here and there, The mimic mocalight gleaming on the scales As evening's Empress lights the shining Alps, But count the crowds that throng your festal scenes,

How few that knew the century in its teens! Save for the lingering handful fate befriends, Life's busy day the Sabbath decade ends; When that is over, how with what remains

Of nature's outfit, muscle, nerve and brains ! Were this a pulpit I would doubtless preach, Were this a platform I should gravely teach, But to no solemn duties I pretend In my vocation at the table's end, So as my answer let me tell instead

What Landlord Porter-rest his soul !- once said. A feast it was that none might scorn to share ; Cambridge and Concord's demigods were there,-'And who were they ?" You know as well as I The stars long gilttering in our Eastern skr,-The names that binzon our provincial seroil Ring round the world with Britain's drumbeat roll!

Good was the dinner, better was the talk; Some whispered, devious was the homeward walk; The story came from some reporting spy,-They lie, those fellows,-O, how they lie ! Not ours those foot-tracks in the new-fallen snow,-Poets and sages never zig-zagged so I

Now Landlord Porter, grave, concise, severe Master, may Monerch in his proper sphere, Though to beiles lettres he pretended not, Lived close to Harvard, so knew what was what, And having bards, philosophers and such, To eat his dinner, put the fines: touch His art could teach, those learned mouths to fill With the best proofs of gustatory skill. And finding wiscom plenty at his board, Wit, science, learning, all his guests had stored, By way of contrast, ventured to produce To please their palates, an inviting goose.

Better it were the company should starve Than hands unskilled that goose attempt to carve; None but the master-artist shall assail The bird that turns the mightiest surgeon pale.

One voice arises from the banquet hall,-The landlord answers to the pleading call; Of stature tall, sublime of port he stands His blade and trident gleaming in his hands; Beneath his glance the strong-knit joints relax As the weak knees before the headsman's axe, And Landlord Porter lifts his glittering knife As some stout warrior armed for bloody strife; All eyes are on him ; some in whispers ask What man is he who dares this dangerous task ! When, lo! the triumph of consummate art, With scarce a touch the creature drops apart I As when the baby in his nurse's lap

Spills on the carpet a dissected map.

Then the culm sage, the monarch of the lyre, Critics and men of science all admire, And one whose wisdom I will not impeach, Lively, not churlish, somewhat free of speech, Speaks thus: "Say, master, what of worth is left In birds like this, of breast and legs bereft ?" And Landlord Porter, with uplifted eyes, Smiles on the simple querist, and replies:
"When from a goose you've taken legs and breast, Wipe lips, thank God, and leave the poor the rest!" Kind friends, sweet friends, I hold it hardly fair With that same bird your minstrel to compare,

Yet in a certain likeness we agree, No wrong to him and no offence to me; I tak : him for the moral he has lent. My partner,-to a limited extent. When the stern landlord whom we all obey Has carved from life its seventh great slice away.

Is the poor fragment left in blank collapse

A pauper remnant of unvalued scraps ! I care not much what Solomon has said. Before his time to nobier pleasures dead; Poor man! he needed half a hundred lives With such a babbling wilderness of wives i But is there nothing that may well empley Life's winter months, -no sunny hour of jay

While o'er the fields the howling tempests rage, The prisoned limet warbles in its cage: When chill November through the forest blows The greekhouse shelters the untroubled rose, Round the high trellis creeping tendris twine, And the ripe clusters fill with blameless wine; We make the vine forget the winter's cold, But how shall age forget its growing old?

Though doing right is better than deceit, Time is a trickster it is fair to cheat; The honest watches ticking in your jobs Tell every minute how the rascal robs. To clip his forelock and his scythe to hide, To lay his hour-glass gently on its side, To slip the eards he marked upon the shelf And deat him others you have marked yourself, If not a virtue, cannot be a sin, For the old rogue is sure at last to win.

What does he leave when life is well-nigh spent To lap its evening in a calin content?

Art, Letters, Science, these at least befriend
Our day's brief remnant to its peaceful end,— Peaceful for him who shows the setting sun A record worthy of his Lord's Well done!

When he, the Master whom I will not name, Known to our calling, not unknown to fame, At life's extremest verge half conscious lay, Helpless and sightless, dying day by day,

See the street county of the street of the s

"And when my name no more is heard,
My have no more is known.
Suil let me like a winter's bird,
In stience and alone.
Politowy then the weary wing
Once flashing through the dews of spring."

Once hashing through the dews of spring."

The "winter's bird" certainly does not find himself "in silence and alone" this evening, and if he feets like "folding the weary wing "—as he grobasly will before the night is over—it cannot be because "his name no more is heard, like lyre no more is known."

Mr. President, I have detained you longer than I meant to do, and I close with a sentiment which our distinguished guest may recognize as naving been stolen from him:

The true Saight of Learning the model of the property o

rom him: The true Knight of Learning, the world holds him dear; Love bless him, joy crown him, God speed his career! [Applause.]

MR. EVARTS'S ADDRESS. Atter Dr. Barker had called on William M. Evarts to respond to the toast "The Bar," Dr. Noves read the motto from "Hamlet" and Mr. Evarts, arising amidst resounding applause, spoke as fol-

of the medical profession, after a few humorous call at his house when the control of the case of his by the case of the case of his by the case of the case of

insent t e w ole, we are glod that he is here, and perhaps he also it glod table here, for the most modest man, when he is a monoist that he has done something for the world, like to know that his work is appreciated. It he greene world volume to which I have just a law force, there may be found a little poem, entitled "The poem, entitled "The

ment.

All of the Faculties have claimed him, and have spoken his praises. Each in turn has cried: "Hail Thane of Gamis! Hail Thane of Cawdor!" and now comes blevalure, with "All hail, thu that and be king hereafter!" And was time, tell me, rentlemen, in New-York can be so fitting as this for Literature in this city to great this boother from New-England! Lengishow sang in one of his earliest poems:

"sweet April, many hearts are wedded

Unto the as hearts are wed."

But to this particular April the heart of this whole country is welded by a proud and tender memory, for it is the centenary mouth of the birth of that kindly genius of whom we may truly say that the long, and dreary, and frozen winder of our cold nial literature, was made glorious summer by this Son of York. The City of New-York, gentlemen, has many sins to answer for. You need not tremble. Lam not about to enumerate them, for I will not detain this company until mil-sammer; but surely it may condone many dispuses that the oily of New-York was the birtholace of Washinston irving, and of the first distinctive American literature. Our literature in the instead entary, like our Government, was provincial and colonial. If did not declare its independence until the during humor of a young son of New-York pucked the venerable traditions of New-Amsterdam by the beard, and turned the history of his native State Info an immortal jet.

I do not deny that the force of Yankee scholarship will

venerable traditions of New-Amsterdam by the beard, and turned the history of his untive State into an immortal jet.

I do not deny that the force of Yankee scholarship will yet show us that Irving was a Yankee. My friend disnop Clark has already shown us the cierical descent of our distinguished guest, and has ranked him among the theologians. New-England is quite capable of this process of ratiocination, Irving's father was a Soutchman; the Scotch were Covenanters; the Covenanters were Presbyterlans; the Presbyterlans were Puritans; and the Poritans in their various immigrations to this country became Yankees. It is thus demonstrated that the son of the Soutchman was a Yankee, somehow astray upon the Island of Manhatan. And this theory will be shortly supported by this other truth that the Pilgrims whom Rip Van Winkle saw were evidently the sons of Holland, and they had broug at with them so made "Holland, and they had broug at with them so made "Holland, and they had broug at with them so made "Holland, and they had broug at with them so made "Holland, and they had broug at with them so made "Holland, and they had broug at with them so made "Holland, and they had broug at with them so made "Holland, and they had broug at with them so made "Holland, and they had broug at with them so made "Holland, and they had broug at with the so made of they have been done they are the south of the Muses, early Irightened by the Plutos and the Muses, early Irightened by the Plutos and Mercury who marked New-Amsterdam for their own, have in the main preferred those other banks on the Charles, and that in fact upon those happy shores they have planted their Holmes. Yet we dwellers upon the banks of the Hodson have this consolation: That here the genius of our literature arose, and has invested our city and our rivers and its shores with imperishable charms. As long as the story of the Revolution is told, the "apy" will ride his rounds in the neutral ground unchallenged and secure.

ties that lay beneald it. Lowell pointed him as

"A Leyden-lar, asways foll-obarged, from which flit
The electrical langues of air after hit."

This tribute from your profession, Mr. Caulyman, has served to recall to us now many more are his titles to renown; now wide has been the fleid of his work and how rich the harvest he has gleaned. And it gives us the welcome opportunity to show that New-York prizes him noises than Beston; and is giad to thank aim alike for the pleasure he has for so many years given us all personality; for the example of his life, for the greaters. the pleasure he has for so many years given us all personally; for the example of his life, for the extrape ne has rendered our literature and the honor he has done our Country. (Applause.)

On the conclusion of Mr. Reid's speech, Dr. Barker referred to a number of physicians who had sent letters of regret, and then called for a bumper to absent friends. It was drunk standing and the company sang "Auld Lang Syne' right heartily as a response, and then separated.

A DINNER TO WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 12 .- William D. Kelley, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the last Congress, was entertained at dinner this evening at the Union League House. All the prominent manufacturers of the city, and several of the most prominent of the State, were present. After an address by Thomas Dolan, who presided, Mr. Kelley spoke in part as follows:

and the materials of which lay in rich profusion around us. Between 1850 and 1860, notwithstanding our unparallelel production of gold and the consequent herease of immigration, our development of manufacturing power was acareely appreciable. When in 1861 Congress advanced the rates of duty upon manufactured articles, we had not in any year produced a million tons of pig fron. Since thes our increase has been steady, and last year our production was nearly five million tons. The truest test of a Nation's citization is said to be the average consumption per capita by the people of fron. Between 1856 and 1860 the production of pig fron, forged and rolled fron and steel was practically stationary, and in 1860 employed but thirty-ame themsand hands. The capital tuv-sited in these branches of manufacture in 1860 was less than \$50,000,000, but twenty years of protective duties served to expand it to \$230,00,000, and in 1880 at more than \$190,000,000. At no time prior to the war had our annual production of these essential commodities reached the value of \$50,000,000.

District-Attorney Graham, Colonel Snowden, Director of president of the Centennial National Bank. The affair was intended as a private recognition of the services rendered by Judge Kelley to the manufactures of Ponsayivania.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

ISSUES IN THE EVANSVILLE ELECTION.

to the Editor of The Tribune. SIR: In yesterday's TRIBUNE, commenting

upon the April elections, it is stated that the success of the Democratic ticket in Evansville, Ind., was a triumph for repudiation. The city of Evansville is incorporated under a charter

antedating the present State Constitution. Among other provisions of the charter is one limiting the levy for taxation to 75 cents on the hundred dollars " for all purposes." At the time of the incorporation of Evansville as a city her population was only a little more than 3,000. As the city grow it became apparent that the levy limited by the charter would not produce sufficient revenue for the improvements rendered necessary by her rapidly increasing commercial importance. By common consent, therefore, the clause in the charter was ignored, and the levy was increased until at one time it was as high as \$1 60 on the hundred dollars. During the war and the years immediately following, money was plenty and the people of Evansville voted large sums of money to several railroad projects. The total sum voted for rail-roads was in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000. Notwithstanding the fact that the railroads thus aided in every instance violated their contracts, the people of Evans-ville continued to submit to illegal taxation that the good faith of the city should not suffer by a default of the interest on her bonds; but as the times grow harder and money less plenty, there began to be threats by some of the taxpayers of enforcing that provision of the charter limiting the levy. To prevent this the Legisla-ture was appealed to, and an amendment to the city charter was passed giving the city the right to levy \$1 50 on the hundred dollars. For several years the city has been collecting taxes under that am

\$1 50 on the hundred dollars. For several years the city has been collecting taxes under that amendment. It was not until the Supreme Court of the State declared that the Legislature could not so amend a city charter that the people of Evansville discovered that the amendment to their charter increasing the power of the Council to lay taxes was void.

Under this decision the city cannot levy a tax to exceed 75 cents on the hundred dollars. The revenus produced by that levy is not sufficient to defray the expenses of the city government, economically administrated, and the annual interest account of \$104,000. Mayor Bridwell, after consultation with the leading business men and bankers of both parties, visited New-York, called a meeting of the city's creditors, and having fully explained the situation proposed the issue of long-time redemption bonds bearing 4 per cent interest, to be given in exchange for the 7 and 73-10s now held by them. What else could he do? When the resources of a city are determined by law, what more can the people do than make their revenues go as far as possible toward the discharge of their obligations?

The Democracy of Evansville were not alone in supporting Mayor Bridwell's proposition. Both parties in their platforms declared in favor of reducing the interest, while many of the leading Republican bankers and business men openly supported the Democratic tokes.

The law of trads is, always has been, and ever will be, to take as much and give as little in a business transuction as the law sanctions. Evansville has not repudiated any part of her debt, principal or interest, nor will sha. But she will stand on her logal rights, whatever they may be. She had nothing to do with bringing about the decision of the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana which has precipitated this crisis in her affairs, but she labound by that decision and will shape her conduct by it.

Washington, D. C., April 5, 1883.

Washington, D. C , April 5, 1883.

THE FAILURE OF PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: In The Semi-Werkly Tribune of March 27 is a paragraph commendatory of the policy of license to grog shops. At the close of it you say: "As prohibition has failed in so many cases, the public will watch with much interest this latest effort (high

license') to deal with a troublesome question."

I know of hundreds of localities in which prohibition now exists, in some of them for many years, but I do not know of one case of "failure." Will THE TRIBUNE be so kind as to tell us of even one case of failure! Portland, Me., March 30, 1883. NEAL Dow.

PREVENTION OF DIPHTHERIA.

remedy only increases my faith in it. It is:

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I wish you would republish my recipe for the prevention of the contagion of diphtheria, which I sent to you last year. Another year's trial of the

Monael's Salt of Iron, or Sub-Sulphate of Iron. dr. Of this solution take from two to six terspoonfuls daily, at regular intervals, according to the contagion. I would ask any one who may try this to drop me s postal card, giving the results of its use, as I am anxious to collect as full data as possible, to establish the troth of my theory as to the use of preventive remedes in this almost the worst discuse physicians have to context with.

Norwealk, Conn., April 3, 1883.

SITTING BULL CONVERTED.

INV TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE. MILWAUKEE, April 12.-Bishop Marty, of Dakota, who is passing a few days in this city as the guest of Archbishop Heiss, stated to day that he had succeeded in converting the Indian chieftain, Sitting Bull, to the Catholic faith, and will receive him into the Caurch the coming summer. Sitting Bull announced his intention of taking a farm on the Grand River, where there are 200 Indian families. Bishop Marty says Sitting Bull is fully aware that the Indians cannot gain anything by resisting the Government, and is sincere in his determination to follow the white man's example. There are now two Catholic churches on the reservation and two more are to b creeted this summer, one in the vicinity of stiting Bull's home. Each chapel will have a schoolkouse where the Indian youth are to be educated. The Bishop had no difficulty in imparting relations instruction to Stiting Bull, who never before had had an opportunity to receive such teaching.

THE TALLAPOOSA TO GO TO FLORIDA.

WASHINGTON, April 12 .- In accordance with telegram from Secretary Chandler, received at the Navf Department this mornin g, the Tallapoosa has been or deted by telegraph to proceed from Key West, Fla. to St. Augustine to receive the President and party on poard. She will leave Key West to-day and reach St. Augustine to-merrow afternoon. It is not known what the future movements of the President will be, but it is thought that the party will start at once on the Tallapoon for Washington.

KET WEST, Fla., April 12.—The Tallapoon sailed from here to-day for St. Augustine, under orders from Secretary Chandler.

AN ALLEGED BURGLARY.

Сикадо, April 12.-This morning John W. Morrison, carriage-maker, confessed judgment for \$2,500 in favor of his brother, and about noon reported to the police that his safe had been rebbed during the night of over \$7,000 in cash. Detectives express the opinion that it was not a case of burglary.

THE MORMON CONFERENCE.

KIRTLAND, Ohio, April 12 .- The Mormon Conference was continued here to-day. A letter was re-ceived from the Secretary of State, in response to a request to make a distinction between polygamous and monogamous Mormous as Mr. Evarts, while Secretary of state, had sent or culars abroad warning omigrants coming here against joining polygamous communities, saying here against joining boygamos communities, say that they would thereby expose themselves to the operation of the pound laws of the United States. Secretary Freingnysen replies: "It is contrary to the practice of this Government to give by circular, as is proposed, any anotion or indorsement of a specific form of belief Law-abiding emigrants are secure against interference.

THE SUICIDE OF A SHOEMAKER.

"Let me hastily refer to a few unquestioned facts to show now great our progress should have been and how small it was during the census decade of 1850-1860. In 1849 the gold fleids of California were discovered. During each year the decade to which I refer they yielded more than a hundred millions of dollars. We were not manufacturers, but were little more than producers of raw material for export, and the gold which should have purioded us wonth abroad to purchase consumers. Which we could have produced.